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THE
NEW INTEREST
DISPLAY'D:

Pam 58

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A Second Dialogue
BETWEEN A
CURATE *and a* COBLER.

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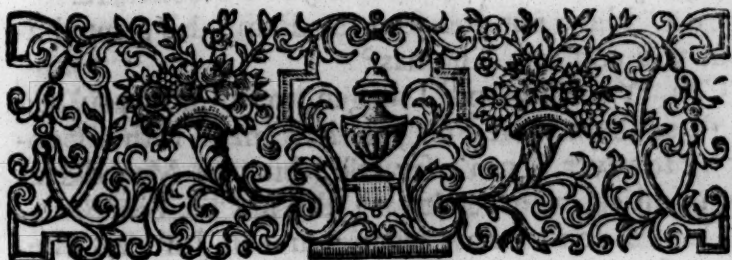
Freeholders of Oxfordshire.

L O N D O N:

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THE
CURATE and COBLER.

Scene the Cobler's Shop.

CURATE.

MY Friend Thomas, I have not seen you a long Time: I hope I see you well now?

COB. Pretty hoddy, Master, I thank you. Why I thought you was out of Order, or else out of Town, Sir, not having seen you a long Time.

CUR. Why, Thomas, I think we should not meet often: For, I assure you, neither Town nor Country are scarce cool yet of what we talk'd about when last together.

COB. Why, so I have been told, Sir. I dad! I wonder at it: For my own Part I little thought such Notice would have been taken of what pass'd between a *Curate* and a *Cobler*.

CUR. But you find, Thomas, it is made the subject of publick Conversation. Pray had you any one in your House when we talk'd last about the Election Business?

COB. Not a Soul, Sir, but my Wife, and she's as dunny, poor old Soul, as that Joint-Stool there.

CUR. Have not you seen the Pamphlet printed about you and me, Thomas?

COB. Yes, Sir, and I began to suspect you had don't to shew what Fun you had made with a Cobler: However, I can't say, Sir, but the Man did us both Justice, whoever 'twas; did not he, Sir?

CUR. I don't know what you call Justice, Thomas: I think it very saucy to print private Conversation as he has done, let him be who he will.

COB. I dad! Master, it has done *me* no hurt; I fancy I shall get Business by it: If you'll believe me I have had, I'll warrant you, an hundred Gownsmen here to know who the Curate was: But as I am pretty good at smelling a Rat, I never once discovered you, Sir.

CUR. But pray how came you by the Pamphlet?

COB. Why, Sir, I'll tell you. One Morning, leaning over my Shop-Window, eating my Bread and Cheese, a long, lathy, rakish Bachelor of Arts came whisking by me, and with a cursed, sour, ugly Look, flung the Book in my Face.—There, says he, you old Son of a Whore, Do you know that, Sir?

CUR. A very odd Affair truly! But did not you know who he was?

COB. I wish I had, Sir! I'd have made him pay for his Frolick. Mr. — the Mercer was going by, and seeing the Affair, so, Tom, says he, your Presents come in apace: Aye, Sir, said I, do you know who that ill-bred Chap is? I don't know his Name, but he belongs to U—— College, and advis'd me to go to the Head of the College and complain of his Usage; but I said let him alone, he's some rakish Fellow or other, whose Friends, I suppose, have spent what they had, and now he is sent hither to signalize himself, if it is but by his Rakery,

in Hopes some Man of Fortune, of that Turn of Mind, may get him a Living.

CUR. So, Thomas, and what said the Mercer to this?

COB. Oh, Tom, said he, you have hit the Nail on the Head: But his Business is done already. If he can't get a *Serjeant of Grenadiers*, or a *Quarter-Master*, or some such Thing; he's to go into Orders, and an old luscious Lady in this County is to make him her *Chaplain*. He's to live in the House with her, and all the Prayers she desires of him, is to sup her up now and then with a merry Story or so, and to *refresh* her a little in her old Age.

CUR. So, Thomas, you Coblers have generally more News than other People, I think.

COB. Why, Master, a Cocker's Stall and a Farrier's Shop are most an End the lounging Places for idle People to chat at: And so we never want News if any be stirring.

CUR. And thus you came by the Pamphlet? I wish I had not shew'd my Civility so much, Thomas, to you, when I came to ask you to Dinner.

COB. Oh! cry mercy: Now you talk of Dinner, Sir, — Did you dine that Day at the Split-Crow?

CUR. No, Thomas, I did not indeed. You gave me a very bad Account of the House, and I hear a bad Story since concerning a *Portmanteau Affair*, and one Thing more you mention'd, which quite took off the Edge of my Appetite: So I went to my Chamber, ruminated a little on what had pass'd; and really between you and me, *almost* resolv'd to have nothing more to do with the plaguy Election.

COB. Aye, Master, I wish you had been a little wiser, and resolved *quite*: For tho' we differ a little in our Politicks, I have really a very great Love for you, Sir.

CUR.

CUR. Well! but, Thomas, what would you have me do? I am so deeply engag'd in this confounded Election, that I can't quit it with any Decency. You know I have bought a little Estate in one Part of the Town, purely to oblige the *New Interest*; I borrowed the Money to make the Purchase, and if I can't make something of it, I shall never be able to discharge my Debt, and then, I suppose, slap! comes a Sequestration on my Fellowship, and away flies all my Interest in College.—I am in a strange Condition, vex'd at my Heart, and yet I can't possibly retreat — without hurting myself!

Cob. Ods-blues, Sir! don't stick so confounded close to your Text. 'Tis better repenting late than never: When a Man is once sensible of his Error, if he has but a grain of common Sense, he'll know 'tis downright Folly to persist in it.

CUR. What you say is undoubtedly true, Thomas; but you don't know the Difficulties of my Case:—I am engag'd, you must observe, over *Boots and Shoes* for the *New Interest*; how I came to be such a hot-headed Fool, I can scarce tell you; I have promis'd L— M—— however to purchase 5*l.* a Year (and accordingly have done it) and have contriv'd to divide it into three separate forty Shillings a Year.—With a little *Palmistry*, and some other prudent Means, I have prevail'd with two Fellows, who were never worth a Groat, to become *Freeholders* just for the present purpose, purely to serve the Turn: And I have been careful enough to tie them down by a Bond of Resignation on Demand to relinquish again to me as soon as the Poll is closed: And the Bond I'm sure is holding; for Counsellor *Crotchthead* drew it for me, and you know he's as staunch as a Hound with us.

Cob. Oh cry Mercy! is this your Case, Sir?—Difficulties indeed! I suppose you went on the old Maxim—*Nothing venture, nothing have.* And I think
you

you can't fail of getting something ; but I wish your Advancement don't end in your Disgrace.—Pray, Sir, did you never hear the Reply of my Lord Chief Justice *Somebody*, (I'm the worst in England I believe at Names) to a Brother of his in the Law, who, tho' a perfect 'Blunderbuss in his Profession, had a Promise however (and the Place fell too) from the Crown ?

CUR. What was it pray, Thomas ?

COB. Why, Sir, when he ask'd this Lord Chief Justice *Somebody*, whether he would advise him to take the Offer, aye, says he, by all Means, but remember one Thing, that the higher a Monkey Climbs on his Pole, the more he exposes his Buttocks to View.

CUR. Hah ! You're witty, Thomas ; but pray what has this to do with my Case ?

COB. I'll tell you then ; for I find you are not of the quickest Apprehension : The Case indeed is not exactly the same, because the old Lawyer would only have been laugh'd at as a *Fool* ; but if a Man should justly be promoted to a Pillory, and leave his Ears behind him, every one passing by would be apt to shake their Heads, and say, Those Ears are the wages of *Roguery* : And the Lord forbid That to be ever your Case Master : I had rather, I assure you, see you with Ears on your Head as long as an Ass, than hear the Waggs of this Place salute you in the Streets with, Your Servant Mr. *Cropears*.

CUR. There can be no danger of this in my Case, Thomas. You don't imagine but the Gentlemen, whose Interest I espouse, have so much Interest themselves at C—t as to prevent any such Penalty for my Service to them ? What I do is purely to serve a particular Cause, You know, and if it be necessary (in Order to carry the point) to make use of a little *Sophistry* or so, why you may depend upon it, Reward,

ward, rather than Punishment, will attend me.—
What say you to that Hit, Thomas?

Cob. 'Tis hard Trusting Courtiers, Master. I remember once in my Life Time; I was smoaking a Pipe at the *Plough* in the Corn-Market with old *Harris* the noted Highwayman, who robb'd on the black Mare, and talking over some of his former Pranks, He assured me that he was never in so much Danger, as when he had the honour of a noble Personage at C—t, to use her best Interest to save him whenever he should be taken and condemn'd.—I'll relate the whole Affair to you, Sir.—My Friend *Harris* was a very sensible Fellow, and, having been tir'd with the frolick of Robbing, was contriving a Method how to leave the Road, and be secure from Hanging for what was past:—Accordingly one Day he robb'd the old Dutcheß of Marlborough of a vast Treasure of Jewells and Money, and guessing rightly at old Sarah's love for *Mammon*, made this proposal to her:—Madam, I know you have a great Interest with my Sovereign the Queen; give me Your honour to use your utmost Endeavour to save me if taken, and all this Treasure is your own again.—The bargain was struck in a trice between the Dutcheß and Highwayman.—But mark what follows. Poor *Harris* was afterwards condemn'd for what he never did, and had the Pleasure of being within a few Hours of Hanging before her Grace apply'd for his Pardon.

CUR. I think I take the hint, Thomas. But suppose it should be already determin'd in my favour that a J—ge should be provided for me, who would Sum up the Evidence in such a Manner in my behalf, that, let the Proof be ever so strong against me, I need not be afraid; suppose I should now have the Honour of a K—g's C—ncil for it, that he will take Care so to puzzle the Cause that no Jury shall find me guilty right or wrong; and moreover that I should

have

have a Jury pick'd for me of *New Interest F—b—ers* who were all as guilty as myself.—What say you now, Thomas?

COB. Why then I say you'll have a corrupted V—n for a J—e, a Rascal for your C—ncil, and an arrant pack of Sc—rels for your J—y.

CUR. Come don't be severe; you know if I buy a bad Horse, I must sell him as well as I can: but now you have told me your Sentiments about others, pray take the Freedom to tell me what your real Opinion would be of *ME*, in this Case?

COB. Of you! why that if you was not a Curate you'd deserve the Gallows, and as you are, you'd deserve the *Devil and all*.

CUR. Well but, Thomas, what need I care one Farthing what Others do for me: The J—dge, you know is paid by the Government, and the C—ncil hopes to be a J—dge: Let them look to themselves, I say.

COB. You *New Interest Curates* are heavenly Divines truly! There's no other Punishment for Perjury or Theft, you Fancy, but from the Laws of the Land. If this be your Doctrine, what a hopeful Nest of Birds your Parishioners must be?

CUR. I don't positively affirm That, Thomas: You was arguing (if I understood you right) about Temporal Punishments.

COB. I was Arguing about both, Sir, for I said if you was not a Curate, then you'd deserve to be Hang'd, That I call the Temporal Punishment, and as you are a Curate, you'd deserve to be d—n'd: Now you may make the Application.

CUR. Why, I suppose, you infer that there is some other Punishment for Offences of this Kind besides Temporal.

COB. Now You're just right, Sir.

C

CUR.

CUR. But I don't conceive I deserve either.

COB. Give me leave to jogg your Memory a little, Sir.—You own that you have bought an Estate purely to qualify yourself and two others, to Vote at the next Election for Knights of the Shire ; and you say, you have ty'd them down by a Bond (which your Friend Counciller Crotchethead drew for you) to resign the Estates to you again as soon as the Poll is closed : And you can't conceive all this to be Criminal. Oh Lord help your Conception, Master !

CUR. I thank you for your Prayers, Thomas ; but how does it appear to be ?

COB. Come, Sir, I'll put the Thing upon a fair Footing with you : let's have no Quibbling ; for you know I'm your Master at an Argument sometimes. I'll suppose that the Election was over, and that you and your two Mirmidons had Voted ; then, I say, They would deserve a Pillory, and you a Penalty of 500 l. I am satisfied you intend to Vote, as you told me you was over *Boots and Shoes* in the Election.

CUR. I must Vote and so must my Fellows if I can keep them to it. Now shew me your Authority for these mighty Penalties attending our Voting.

COB. Why, Sir, in the 1st Place, I'll recite Part of the Freeholder's Oath to you, and some Cautions relating to it besides :—" You shall Swear that you
" are a Freeholder in the County of Oxford, and
" that you have a Freehold Estate of the clear yearly
" Value of 40 s. over and above all Rents and
" Charges payable out of, or in respect of the same ;
" and that such Freehold Estate has not been granted
" or made to you Fraudulently on purpose to qualify
" you to give your Vote, &c."—First of all mind that, Master. There is a Puke for your two Voters foul Stomachs : I'm sure they must mount the Rostrum there by the Cross Inn.—Well now for a little more of it. I—" do Swear that I have not received
" or

“ or had by myself, or any Person whatsoever in
 “ Trust for me, or for my Use and Benefit directly
 “ or indirectly, any Sum of Money, Office, Place
 “ or Employment, Gift or Reward, or any Promise
 “ or Security, for any Money, Office, Employment
 “ or Gift, in order to give my Vote at this Elec-
 “ tion.”—Now, Sir, mind me. “ If any Person
 “ taking the Oath above, shall be found guilty of
 “ willful and corrupt Perjury, and be thereof Con-
 “ victed by due Course of Law, he incurs at Com-
 “ mon Law, Fine, Imprisonment, Pillory, and to
 “ be disabled from being a Witness. By 5 Eliz. Chap.
 “ 9. To forfeit 20 l. and if not worth it, to be set
 “ in the Pillory, and have his Ears Nailed. And by
 “ 2 Geo. 2. Chap. 25. besides the Punishment before
 “ Inflicted, the Judge may order the Convict to the
 “ House of Correction for 7 Years, or may Trans-
 “ port him for 7 Years, and if to be Transported,
 “ to be Transported as a Felon; and if he breaks
 “ Prison, or returns before his Time, being con-
 “ victed thereof, to suffer Death as a Felon without
 “ benefit of Clergy :” And this last Act is made
 “ perpetual by 9 Geo. 2. Chap. 18.—Now for a
 little *Spoon-meat* for *your* Breakfast, Sir.—“ Any
 “ Person taking Money or Reward for his Vote, or
 “ to refuse or forbear giving his Vote, or by any
 “ Gift or Reward, corrupting or procuring any
 “ Person to give his Vote, or to forbear to give his
 “ Vote, forfeits 500 l. and is disabled to Vote him-
 “ self in any Election,) or to enjoy any Office, &c.”

Cu. Now, Thomas, you have done your Law Sermon, how do you apply it ?

COB. I fancy you have done that already, Sir.
 Come Counciller *Crotchethead*, can't get you and your
bireling Freeholders off now.

Cu. I hinted to you before, Thomas, that I was guarded in this Point: But how came you by all this Law?

COB. I'll satisfy you presently, Sir.—There's an honest Attorney (poh, Sir, don't laugh; why you know there's an Exception to every general Rule) who lives in this Town, and tho' he has but one Eye, yet he can see as far as some with a Brace; what did this honest Chap do but print whole Quires of these Oaths and Cautions, and (what is seldom found in the Gentlemen of that Profession) purely to prevent any Prosecutions afterwards, and to guard the Freeholders against the Poison of Bribery and Corruption. Now, Sir, sneer if you can. Thus I came by my Knowledge in the Law; and I am obliged to him, and so ought every Freeholder in the County, for the Caution he has given us not to be imposed upon by a Pack of Cheats and Impostors, who would willingly make Merchandize of us.

Cu. You say this Act was made perpetual by King George II. This satisfies me.

COB. Why, there again: What makes you so awkward to Day, Sir? Suppose it had been done by Queen Anne, would not that have satisfy'd you as well?

Cu. Why, I like it better as it is, Thomas, I assure you.

COB. Well! now you are convinc'd, I hope, that Perjury is punishable at Common Law. Now have at you in your own Way, Sir.—But I won't budge one Foot, till you tell me whether you are a Christian or not?

CUR. Why can you ask me such a Question, or make such a doubt of me?

COB. Why, Sir, don't be startled at it I pray: For I don't know that I have seen above ten Men this Day pass by my Shop, and Eight of them were Jews.

Jews. Now tho' I don't take you for one of the Tribes, yet I must plainly tell you, Sir, I don't half like this Affair of your *two bired Voters*. You don't seem to make many Bones of an Affair that makes my old Flesh tremble. Oh! dear, I do but think how the poor Devils will be pelted.

CUR. Don't let that disturb you, Thomas.

COB. Why there again; Is not that as bad as ever? Ods-blues! I don't think you have any Conscience: Or if you have, 'tis a plaguy odd one.

CUR. Come if you have a mind to give me a Sermon in Divinity as you have done in Law, begin upon Conscience, if you choose it.

COB. Why, Sir, I don't think I should be much at a Loss as long as you was my Subject. 'Tis more properly your Business indeed; but when you Clergy make a Jest of your Profession, and speak nothing but *smooth Things and Deceit*; 'tis Time for every Mechanick to put on the Band, and you know, Sir, bad Tradesmen have made pretty passable Bishops.— Did you ever take Notice, Sir, what old Jeremiah says of the Prophets of Jerusalem, that he had “ seen
“ a horrible Thing in them: They commit Adul-
“ tery and walk in Lies: They strengthen the Hands
“ of evil Doers and say unto every one that walketh
“ after the Imagination of his own Heart, no Evil
“ shall come upon you.” — Master, you are too like them I must assure you plainly.

CUR. Come, let me have no more of your old *Prophet's* Sayings: You'll flatter yourself by and by that you can preach I fancy.

COB. Why, Sir, I must tell you I have so good an Opinion of his present Majesty King *George's* Love for Truth, that if he had been here, when I defended his Laws against your Corruption, and apply'd Scripture so patly to incline you to be better, he certainly would have said, well done Cobler, lay aside
thy

thy Kitt, and I'll cloath thee in Lawn. — Don't you think so now?

CUR. Prithee don't be fond of thy Folly, or think his Majesty would do so weak a Thing.

COB. A weak Thing d'you call it? Why King *James I.* you know was a wise King, and if you ha'nt forgot your History you must remember the Affair of his Knighting the *Tinker*; and pray where's the great Difference between a *Cobler* and a *Tinker*?

CUR. Why every Body knows *James I.* lov'd a Frolick.

COB. And pray why may'nt *George II.* love one I beseech you, and make a Bishop out of an old *Translator*! I dad! I begin to think I shall be a Bishop before you, Sir.

CUR. I wish your old Bible don't ruin you, Thomas.

COB. My *Bible* ruin me, Sir? Why I thought you recommended the Bible above all Books. — Pray, Sir, let me ask you one civil Question. Don't the Popish Folks abroad deny the common People the Use of the Scriptures?

CUR. I must own to you, Thomas, that I am not very well acquainted with what they do abroad in Popish Countries; but I believe it has been done.

COB. Why so I thought. What! I suppose they think the reading the Bible will ruin them too! — Well, Sir, I'm sorry you *English Whigs* and the *Roman Catholicks* are so much alike; you both agree, I find, in one Doctrine; are both for putting out the Peoples Eyes for fear they should be too busy with the Word of God. — I am woundedly afraid that, if ever that damnable Doctrine should creep into England, your Hands will be stain'd with the Guilt of it.

CUR. Don't let that spoil your Stomach, Thomas.

COB.

Cob. No, my Master, that shan't spoil mine, notwithstanding you tell me my Story of the *Wood* 'tother Day spoil'd yours for the Split-Crow Dinner. Now you put me in mind of it, Sir, I wanted to chatt with you a little about that same Story, because I find it has made a confounded Noise.

CUR. Too much for my Quiet, I assure, you, Thomas. And yet I have taken all possible Pains to suppress it. — I was in great Hopes you would have been as good as your Word, and brought that same *Will* (what d'ye call him) to my Chamber.

Cob. Did not I tell you, Sir, what an odd Dog he was. I walked up to him according to my Promise: My Friend *William* (said I) I am glad to see thee, and shook him heartily by the Hand. Thomas (said he) and so am I you. — This was a good promising Beginning I thought, Sir. — Well! but what's the Meaning, said I, that I never see you in Oxford, *Will*? Why, said he, I have little or no Business there, and so I stay at home to save Shoe-Leather, Thomas.

CUR. Well! and how went you on next?

Cob. Why, said I, *Will*, I have an Invitation to an honest Clergyman's Chamber, for whom I now and then work, to spend an Evening with him at his College, and he begg'd me by all Means to bring a Friend along with me, and vow'd we should both be very welcome.

CUR. Very well, Thomas, prithee go on; and what said *Will*?

Cob. Said! He look'd plaguy shy; and, after a little demurring, Thomas, said he, I don't like some of your Oxford Clergy, I can tell you. I have been told that one of them has call'd me Rogue and Liar; you may guess upon what Account if you can: But I'll make it appear that *Will Luberkin* is as honest, (aye! ten Times honest) than he that abus'd him,
and

and call'd him such Names. Thomas, thee knowest my Heart! tho' ragged, I'm honest, and that's better than to be a Wolf in Sheep's Cloathing;—that's enough, Thomas!

CUR. You found him in an ill Humour, Thomas.

COB. Plaguy crusty i'Faith! But, Sir, while I think on't, did you call him Rogue and Liar, &c?

CUR. Why, as you have shewn a good Inclination to be my Friend in this Case, notwithstanding our clashing a little about Elections, I must own to you that I employ'd the Butler and two or three Scouts, who are under my Thumb, to rumour it abroad that I was determin'd to send every one to Jail, that should report any such Thing about me; and by this Means I was in hopes to have the Story fathered upon some other Curate going the same Way, and among the rest I might say that *Luberkin* (as he was the most material Evidence) was a Liar &c. and that I would prosecute him. I thought this was a proper Method to be taken.—What now, Thomas, would you have advised me to have done?

COB. Done! the Duce is in the Dies sure! Why, by the very Steps you have taken, you are undone! Did not I tell you, when we were last together, that an innocent Man need be afraid of nothing: Now if you had only pretended to have been innocent, (which, as you are a Casuist, you might have persuaded yourself to be the next Thing to the being *really* so) by lying quiet, and despising all the Talk about it as Tittle-Tattle; every Body would have said 'tis impossible the Curate of —— should be the Man: He's quite sedate and easy as an old Shoe: Was he guilty, he'd be ruffled, and make a bustle about it, and he'd be for stopping every Body's Mouth either by Promises or Threats, and thus the Nine Days Wonder would have been at an End.

But

But this high feeding is the Devil! I wish you had never tasted their Venison Treats: Nothing's so great a Provocative; I tell you, my Master, I remember a Saying of Dr. F—n's to a Patient of his, of the Cormorant Kind, that he could sooner get a Hog-shead of Wine out of his Guts than a hanch a Venison, or a Rump of Beef. —I'm quite at a Loss what to do for you.

CUR. Suppose I was to go myself to *Luberkin*, and try to make Peace?

COB. I am afraid you'll do no good with him. For tho' he is but in low Life, the Dog is throughly honest: No Money will tempt him to tell a Lye of any one, nor to deny what he knows to be true: Had not you call'd his Honesty in Question, you might perhaps have stood a Chance to have prevail'd with him to be Silent: But 'tis all at an End. The very last Words he spoke to me, were that I'll prove every particular; I'll let the World know, and the B——p too that I am no Rogue nor Liar; and, if I thought Mr. Justice A— of Oxford was Scholar enough to give me my Oath, I'd be with him Tomorrow Morning, and swear to every Article of what I said about it. And that's Poz, Thomas.

CUR. I am afraid, Thomas, you work'd him into this Heat by some misplac'd Word or other. You should have said, "*William*, suppose it had been your own Case, and the Gentleman had seen you in the same Circumstances, would not you have endeavoured to have Silenced it as much as you could?"

COB. You need not put Words into my Mouth, Sir; you have no Occasion to hint to me what was necessary to be said or done for you. I talk'd with him a whole Hour, and as much to the Purpose, tho' I say it that should not, as ever you did on a
D Sunday.

Sunday. But a Multitude of Words won't fill a Bushel. I could not prevail with him even to be quiet: You have put him in such a Heat by calling him Liar, that he foams at Mouth like a Furmety-Kettle.

CU. I did not intend to affront him, I assure you, Thomas, by trying what I could do to stop the Rumour. 'Tis natural for every Body, you know, to love a good Name, and if a Man should trip now and then in Point of Character, and should be discovered in it, who can blame him for trying to wipe off the Blemish!

COB. To be sure in that you are right, Sir! But then as soon as any such Thing happens to take Air, you should have gone up at once to *Will's* House, and said "Mr. *Luberkin*, you know we are
" all Flesh and Blood, I shall be obliged to you
" (as I know you can be a Witness against me in
" an Affair that is now just got abroad) if you'll
" be so kind as to look upon it as a human Frailty
" in me, and not divulge it to my Prejudice, which
" can do you no Good." — I durst swear had such an Application been made to him, that *Will* (who is very Good-natur'd till provoked) would have said to you, Sir, as I love the Sport too well to spoil it, which you know I could have done, so I admire you for loving it, and not running into that beastly Practice that some have been guilty of, and glory in indeed.

CU. But this is all too late, and what to do now I know not.

COB. Hold me still a little! I have a lucky thought come into my Pate that may help us out perhaps at this dead lift.

CU. Dear Thomas, prithee do what thou can'st, if it be but to stop him from going to his Lordship
or

or the little *Justice*, if possible : As for the Noise about Town, that can be no more than it is ; besides I'll endeavour to stop the Increase of that by Menaces.

COB. Don't you know Mr. *Stonecastle* the Mason, a lusty, fat Man, as honest, good-natur'd, moral and inoffensive a Man as ever lived : I fancy sometimes he's employ'd at your College.

CU. I know who you mean perfectly well : But I'm told he's against the *New Interest*, and therefore I'm not a fit Person to apply to him. — But what of him, Thomas. In what Manner I pray can he serve me ?

COB. Why, Sir, I'll tell you then. You must know his Business calls him very often to the Quarries, where *Will* works; and as he is a Man of so many good Qualities, the Workmen there almost worship him.—Now I heard *Will* once say that there was not a Man under the Copes of Heaven he admir'd so much as his good Master *Stonecastle* : And I am very well assured that if you can make him your Friend, you need not fear but *Will* proves so too.

CU. Ah! Thomas, not an Inch forwarder than we were before ? This confounded Election-Business is still in the Way.

COB. Ods-blues! Sir, throw it aside. You know the *Old Interest* must carry it Hand over Head; sell your Freehold and make yourself whole, and don't be the Occasion of two poor Rascals standing in the Pillory, and bringing the Curses of their Families upon you for ever.

CU. I wish I could as soon do it, as you advise it: Tho' there is nothing in the Election, we are forc'd to make People believe so, to keep a Party against another Time in Spirits.

COB. Upon the Faith of a Christian, I'd hang myself in my Stirrup Leather, before I'd be engag'd any longer (if I was you) in such a paultry, lying dirty Cause. "*Halt*, no longer, Master, *betwixt two Opinions*;" — There's the old Bible for you again, Sir!

CU. Don't talk to me of Bibles, Thomas, prithee now. I have swallow'd so many Obligations about this confounded Election that I am quite sick at Heart, and yet I can't part with them. What must I do? My Case is intollerable, truly!

COB. Suppose, Sir, you was to apply to Dr. H—e, I think he's your Operator, I am told he has a *Recipe* that will clear up the *foulest* Character, and make it shine like Silver; and desire him to give you one of those *quieting Draughts*, which he takes himself every Time he *Fibbs* about the Election: And if he does not give you some Ease, apply to Dr. L——, lately come from the University of St. *Andre*, who has, (they say) a curious *Nostrum*, tho' very nauseous, which operates like a strong *Emetick* by Way of cleansing, and if you take it constantly, and neglect all other *Drugs*, is the best Preservative against any *fetid* Disorders, which commonly attend the natural Pleasures of Life.

CU. Oh! Thomas, 'tis cruel to insult me thus, by your unseasonable Joking. I have one Thing more to say to you, if you'll promise to be serious.

COB. Why then, Sir, you may command your Slave.

CU. I am apprehensive if I should silence your Friend William, that other Mouths will one Day or Other be open'd upon me. Suppose the Girl herself should ever make Justice Business of it.

COB. Why then if that be likely to be the Case, you must not be Stingy; and as you have a Purse lodg'd

lodg'd with you to Support the *New Interest*, was it my own Case, I should think I could never apply it more properly than in Supporting any Thing of the *New Interest Breed*. Carry her off in your Friend John B—s Post Chaise, and then who durst say any Thing against you?

CU. Come I need not do any Thing, 'till there's Occasion for it; and as there is no Accusation as yet, 'twill be Foolish to begin it.

COB. Why, Master, if it should ever come to that pass, I think you'd better Marry her. She's handsome and young my Friend *Will* Swears, and if you have a Mind to keep your Place in College with it, as many a one have done, send her to my Kinswoman's *Betty*—there, you know her, in the Country (she'll be pure and handy you know) and she may pass for one of *Betty's* Cousins from Worcestershire; and this *must* stop all Accusations of you.

CU. Oh! Thomas, what Pleasure can I ever take d'ye think in marrying a Harlot?

COB. Oh dear! don't be too Squeamish; is there any Pleasure in making a Girl one? If so, why should not you learn to be content to keep her; come, Sir, this is no new Thing: It is become fashionable of late I'll assure you: You know his Grace the Duke of—did the same Thing, and I could tell you some 'Squires, who have large Estates in this County, have lately become thus fashionable.

CU. I wont take your Advice, Thomas, I'll e'en brazen it out, that I know nothing of the Matter; and I'll try if Money and Friends can't beat down all before it: and so my Friend injoyning you to Secrecy, Adieu.

COB. Master I heartily wish you *better*. (*Alone*)
I gad! he's brought his Hog's to a fair Market.
Now will he be so Rash and so Stingy, I'm sure on't,
that

that if any more talk should arise, he'll make it worse. Oh! 'tis a wrongheaded Creature, let him take his Chance; this will not do for Thomas however: Let me see my Master — can't go to the Hall to Court to Day if these Shoes ben't Fore-piec'd, for he's no others, I think he told me.

F I N I S.



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